

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOLUME VI.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

NUMBER 25.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O. & H. P. GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1846.

[For the Bradford Reporter.]
"I Smile through a Tear."

BY MISS SARAH J. GAZLEY.

When the heart seems most light, and all buoyant with gladness,
When the eye flashes brightly, with mirth's sparkling ray,
When the heart seems entirely divested of sadness,
And bright fancy wanders, like young birds in May,
O'er the high, polished brow, when but joy seems to hover,
As if from Earth's sorrow naught had it to fear,
Even the keen eye of friendship could hardly discover,
That a heart seeming cheerful, could "smile thro' a tear."
But oft have I found it in this world of trouble,
When full disappointment my heart-strings would tear,
When friendship is false, and Love's but a bubble,
And when I seem cheerful, "I smile through a tear."
For oft, in the midst of the mirthful and gladness,
I laugh with the careless and jest with the gay;
In the midst of that smile lurks a cankerous poison,
And tears, though unseen, oft fall from my eye.
In scenes of festivity, ofttimes I languish,
Where music's bold numbers fall sweet on the ear;
But the rich, dulcet sounds fill my soul with anguish,
And then, seeming cheerful, "I smile through a tear."
The scarce sixteen summers have ripened my girlhood,
Yet heavily has pressed me, the hand of dull care;
When I think of the happiness known in my childhood,
I smile, seeming cheerful, but "smile through a tear."
At the lone hour of midnight, when no eye beholds me,
And night has just drawn her dull veil o'er the earth,
With no friend but my troubled thoughts to uphold me,
And my spirit feels naught but a loneliness and death.
Then, then, that these wild troubled thro's will assail me,
And I seem to see nearly hurried from her throne;
I care not for those who would deeply bewail me,
And the Death-Angel's embrace gladly would own;
I sometimes have wondered, Life's fetters could hold me,
And had me to Earth with a mind so disturbed;
I sometimes, in whispers, at midnight have told me,
My soul by such fetters no long should be curbed.
I sometimes, when scenes of such gloom are before me,
That I can and cold as a statue appear,
When my heart with keen anguish is bursting within me,
That when I seem cheerful, "I smile through a tear!"

[From the Sunbury Gazette.]
A Romance of Ancient Sunbury.

CHAPTER I.

On the eastern bank of the river Susquehanna, at the confluence of the North and West branches of that beautiful river, stood Fort Augusta, and at the time of which we are writing one of the frontier military posts. It was a like most of the military posts of the day, and was garrisoned by troops under the command of the King's officers. The country around it was very thinly settled, and the station was daily exposed to the ravages of the Indians. On occasions of alarm, they fled to the fort for protection, leaving their log cabins a prey to the savages, who always retreated to the wilds of the mountains after their depredations, and troubled the settlers not again until such a time had elapsed as would lull them into security. About a mile below the fort, and on the same side of the river, was situated the town of Sunbury, then composed of two or three log cabins. The inhabitants were comparatively secure from the attacks of the Indians on account of their proximity to Fort Augusta. They gave themselves no uneasiness on account of their families while they were absent and scarcely would the thought of an Indian enter their minds except when their sympathy was awakened by the loud wailing of the evening sky as it glared over the burning home of the slaughtered family of some unhappy settler.

On a beautiful evening in September, just before the sun retired behind the glowing mountains of the west, a young girl emerged from the low door-way of a solitary log cabin on the bank of the river, and entered a grove of lofty pines that echoed the sweet murmur of the waters of the Susquehanna. She was scarcely sixteen, nor was she tall for that age; the beauty of her face, the roundness of her figure, and the gracefulness of her movements, were exquisite. She wore a closely fitting robe, and beneath her straw hat, flowed over her neck & shoulders, long, golden curls, that waned in the soft zephyr.

She wandered along the river bank, stooping here and there, to cull the wild flowers that grew on the forest, until she reached the spot where the low stump of a pine, covered with thick moss and bedecked with flowers, formed an inviting resting place. Here she seated herself and throwing aside her hat, began to weave a wreath from the flowers she had gathered. So deeply was she occupied that she did not perceive the approach of a youth habited in the lieutenant's uniform of colonial troops. He might have been twenty, and was of a slight nervous frame. His dark curling hair shaded a handsome face; but an expression of sadness, so unusual at his age, was increased by the slight but jetty moustache that curled upon his lip. He stood some time gazing upon the lovely being before him, his eyes wandering from her fingers as they wrenched the flowers, to her snowy brow and finely marked features, with a rapturous intensity. And then as some sad thought had crossed his brain, his face assumed an expression of pain, and in spite of his efforts, a deep sigh escaped from his bosom, that caused the bright form to spring to her feet like the graceful fawn at the league of the deep-mounded solitude.

"Oh! Harry, how you would startle me," she exclaimed, as soon as she saw the cause of her fright, her pale cheek coloring like the snow-capped hills when the morning sun tinges them with his roseate breath.

"You must pardon me, Kate, for not apprizing you of my approach; for really, I could not find in my heart to disturb a reverie that must have been delightful, else it not have spread such a sweet smile over your face. But come

back to your moss cushioned chair, and perhaps you will permit me to partake of the pleasure your thoughts seem giving you." Thus speaking, Harry Hunter led back the trembling girl to the rustic ottoman, and seating himself by her side, made an effort at some trivial remark, which ended in a deeper sigh than the one which had so much alarmed his fair companion a minute before.

What in the world is the matter with you Harry; you who are always so merry, have been sighing here as if your heart really meant to burst. Come, you wished just now to know my thoughts, now I insist on knowing what troubles you; for your rifle missed fire, or your favorite hound lost his appetite, that your spirits are so sadly depressed?"

"Though Kate Brady said this in a playful manner, either from proximity of a sad companion, or some other cause, she permitted a half suppressed sigh to accompany the conclusion of what she had just said. These reciprocal sighs, produced, as is their custom, a painful silence, which neither knew how to break, or rather, both were afraid to trust themselves to speak for fear of repeating those very interjections that had interrupted their previous conversation. After a few minutes had elapsed, Henry took Kate's soft hand gently in his own, and said, "Kate, I sought you here here to bid you a short farewell at this spot where I have enjoyed so many happy hours in your society. The governor has ordered me to Philadelphia, and I may be sent to England. Can I—will you think of me, dear Kate when the ocean separates us? Long have I cherished the hope that I might some day call you mine, but Oh! I fear to tell my love lest my bright visions of happiness should be dispelled. Does my love awake an echo in your heart?" And encircling her slender waist, he drew her towards him, and pressing her to his heart, their lips met in the thrilling kiss of love, and their pulses beat with wild, rapturous delight, as their throbbing bosoms pressed each other till there seemed but one heart bounding in both. The nectar dew of love's first kiss had scarcely evaporated, from their lips, when the sharp twang of a bow-string breaking the stillness of the wood, and an arrow striking Hunter's tall cap, which was fastened under his chin by leather straps, prostrated him on the mossy carpet of the river bank. Bounding from his hiding place behind a pine, came a giant Indian, hideous in all the paint of the war path, his long knife clutched in murderous aim. In a moment Harry was on his feet, and the Indian could draw the knife, his sword flashed with it. Without a moment's pause, he dealt this blow upon his antagonist, but with the skill of an experienced fencer, the Indian warded them off with his long knife, and slowly retreated towards the thickest part of the forest.

"Kate, who at first sunk to the ground in fear, now stood watching the combatants, her eyes involuntarily following each cut and parry—although her lover repeatedly called to her to fly, she remained, chained to the spot, unable even to turn her eyes from the bright blades as they clashed against each other incessantly. Suddenly the savage darted behind a tree to avoid a stroke of Hunter's sword he could not parry, and running around it, sprang like a tiger upon Harry, and bore him to the ground before he could use his sword. Quick as lightning, the knife descended full at his prostrate foe's throat. But it glanced aside from the lieutenant's strong leather stock, and buried itself up to the hilt in the sod. Before he could draw it forth, Kate sprang forward with a wild cry, seized the tomahawk which had fallen from the Indian's belt in the struggle, and struck it so deep into his skull, that the hot mixture of blood and brains splashed over her face and bosom. The Indian clutched the handle of the knife with a convulsive grasp, and rolled beside his foe. Kate stood with starting eyes, gazing on the body as it lay quivering before her, and could not withdraw her eyes from the dreadful sight, until the dropping of the jaw and the fixed and strong glare of those hideous orbs, told her the victory of death was certain.

Hunter, who had been severely stunned by the fall now raised himself on his elbow.—When he saw the skull of the savage split by the tomahawk and Kate beading over him with her face and person disfigured by gore, he at once comprehended all that had taken place.—He raised himself to his feet by the help of a sapling and tried to speak, but the stroke of the knife, although its deadly effect had been warded off, had so injured him that he was unable to speak above his breath. Laying his neck in the waters of a cool spring, he gushed from the bank of the river's edge, he soon reduced the inflammation, and his speech was restored by the tonic influence of the water.—While Kate washed the blood-stains from her face, he examined the body of the savage.—The print showed that he belonged to the Delaware tribe, his light arms consisting of a small but strong bow, a tomahawk and knife, plainly indicated that he was a runner sent to secure the country. As his pouch was empty, Hunter concluded that the party to which he belonged could not be far distant. Having made the observations he returned to Kate. And as the shades of evening were falling; they returned along the sand at the water's edge, lest they should fall in with other savages that might be lurking in the neighborhood. When he had seen Kate safely lodged in her father's house, Hunter returned to the fort, and reported to the officer of the day the events of the evening. A sergeant was sent out with a file of men to bring in the body of the Indian, and the sentinels were doubled for the night.

CHAPTER II.

The fire blazed cheerfully on the hearth of John Brady's cabin, and the pine light fell on as comfortable a scene as a settler in those days ever saw. The hum of the spinning wheel filled the room with music that rarely cheered the families of the wild frontier. The joke and laugh went round right merrily, and each recalled the scene of last summer's wild deer hunt as he brightened his rifle, or rolled the grey bullet from the hot mould. The sons of Brady meant to have a royal hunt on the morrow,

and each cleansed his piece and made his ball with glee, for they loved to chase the wild deer among its native hills. Brave hunters were they too; for oft as the panther had crossed their path, he had never escaped their unerring aim. Tall and muscular, they feared not man nor beast. The large hounds stretched along the floor with eyes half closed, watching the preparations for the next day's hunt with an interest that showed they, too, loved the forest sports. In the farthest corner of the room sat in his rude arm chair, an old man, whose white hair hung over his shoulders, and on his knees he held a fine girl whose golden tresses mingled with his grey locks as she rested her head fondly on his shoulder.

"Kate," said the old man, "it seems but yesterday that I held you in my arms a laughing babe, and you've grown almost a woman. I used to dread the approach of old age and think that when the hair became grey the spring of love dried up and no more joy could be felt like that which throbs the breast of youth. But I find it strengthens with my years, and I love all my offspring with the same ardent affection I have for their mother." And he parted the gold on her forehead and imprinted a kiss on her lovely cheek. She threw her white arms around her father's neck and clung to his breast, like a beautiful vine entwining the aged oak in its tender folds.

Suddenly the door burst open and a tall man springing in, closed it with violence, and turned the bolts into their sockets with a rapidity that betokened something more than ordinary. His dress was in the wildest disorder, and his face was covered with huge drops of perspiration.

"What's the matter, Gray? what has scared you so?" exclaimed Brady.

"The Indians," gasped Gray, as he sunk into a chair and wiped the sweat from his hot brow. "fifty whooping, yelling red devils."

"Boys, load the rifles, quick! Bill fasten the other door. They may pay us a visit and we'll be prepared for them. Kate, bring down my pouch and gun. I wish Sam was here, for we may need his strong arm and keen eye. Be cool, boys, and don't hurry too much."

"These orders had scarce left old Brady's lips, when a rush against the door, that made it tremble on its hinges, told that the savages were upon them. But the stout oak door resisted all their efforts to force it open.

"Now," cried Gray, who had by this time recovered his breath; "now look out for fire, for their leg-devils will be sure to burn the door down."

"Do you suppose they're fools enough for that, make a light and alarm the fellows at the fort? I thought you knew better," responded one of the young Brady's. "Let them give us some light and we won't show them a track not bad; oh no!"

By this time the boys had loaded their rifles, and the mother and the daughter stood by to reload them. Brady and Gray had become odious to the Indians on account of their hatred to them, and the sure and deadly aim of their rifles. More than one of their braves had paid with his life for rashly attacking these frontier men. Gray had been hunting over the Shamokin hills that day, and was surprised by a party of Delawares to whom he was particularly an object marked for revenge.—They were conducting him towards their camp when he seized a favorable moment, darted from his guards, and ran for Fort Augusta.—They could easily have killed him with their rifles, but that was not their purpose. The stake with all its accompanying horrors, was to be his portion. They succeeded in getting between him and the fort and was sure of their victim, when he dashed into Brady's cabin.—Their exultation was unbounded when they discovered that their old enemies were so near within their grasp. But their band did not amount to more than thirty men, and the greatest care was necessary lest the troops from the fort should be brought down upon them.—While the savages were deliberating on the mode of attack, Brady and his sons were notified. Each took his station at a loophole, of which a number were left on each side of the house, with his rifle ready for execution.—They did not wait long before the light of a small torch was visible among the trees. As the bearer of it drew into the open space in front of the house, a party of savages, in all their horrid war guise, were revealed by its light. A tall Indian, with a long black plume in his hair dashed the torch from the hand of his imprudent follower in an instant, but it was too late. Seven of the marauders fell before the rifles of the defenders of the cabin.

"Let them show us some more light and we'll give them another salute;" cried old Brady, "keep your eyes open, boys, if that noise don't bring them down from the fort, we'll have sharp work yet."

The word had scarce left his lips, when a noise in the upper story of the house attracted his attention. Again and again the noise is repeated.—Again the muffled sound is like the stealthy tread of a moccasined foot. In a moment he was at the bottom of the first stairs, but his foot had not touched the first step, before a tomahawk had clef his skull, and the dark plumed warrior sprang over his body, followed by the whole band. They had climbed upon the roof and descended through the trap door. Drawing their knives, the young braves rushed upon them. Fierce was the contest for a short space. But what could these few avail against the fearful odds? A few minutes beheld the savages triumphant, bearing the bloody scalps from the mangled bodies of the parents and five sons. Gray was seized by the black plumed warrior and hurried to the floor before he could draw his knife.—Now he was bound hand and foot upon the bloody hearth. Kate, her golden hair dyed with her mother's blood, was firmly held by two savages, and struggled fiercely with them as they bore her from the house. At the door stood her father's horse, held by some of the Indians. Raven Wing, the chief with the dark plume, mounting a noble black charger, and placing the half inanimate body of Kate before him, dashed along the river shore. After him came his band, some on horseback and

others on foot, just as "to arms" pealed from the garrison drum over the stillness of night. Two powerful savages yet remained, who after firing the cabin, place Gray before them, and galloped after their companions.

The flames darted their forked tongues above the cabin's roof, and, fanned by the wind, they played over the perishing building as fiendish men exult and rejoice over their ruined and fallen fellows. Kate Brady turned her eyes in the direction of her father's house, as her captors reached the top of the southern hill, and saw the fire playing above her childhood's home, consuming the murdered bodies of her parents and brothers, scathing with its hot breath the sacred spot with all the fondest, dearest associations; her eyes closed in horror, her senses sunk into torpor, and she returned to consciousness, the bright beam of the sun illuminated the bark wigwam in which she lay on the softest bearskin couch, and the full dark eye of an Indian maid rested upon her in all the fond sympathy of a gentle and affectionate heart.

CHAPTER III.

After a long season of cloud and storm the return of sunshine and calm is doubly grateful. When the buoyant spirits of youth have been crushed down by the weight of adversity, they spring up in all their elasticity, when the cause is removed, and if a few clouds do linger about the horizon, they are gorgeously arrayed in the purple and gold of youthful hopes by the descendant sun of prosperity. Two months ago we saw Harry Hunter depressed in spirits in spite of the happy interview with Kate. He was then on the eve of departure for headquarters at Philadelphia, whither he had been summoned to answer a high charge preferred against him by an envious rival.—On the morning after the night on which Brady and his family were massacred, he was within half a day's easy march to Fort Augusta, at the head of a company of mounted rangers. He had been to headquarters, proved his innocence, and established such a high reputation that he was immediately promoted to the high rank of Captain, and appointed to the command of Fort Augusta. The morning was one of those when nature seems to summon all her powers to deck the earth, in brightness and beauty before stern winter reigns. The men and horses felt the influence of the bracing air, and dashing along at a space that made the frosty ground tremble. They halted at the top of a high hill overlooking the valley of the Susquehanna, to breathe their horses. Harry rode forward to the brow of the hill, for his spirits were high and he could not brook delay. The sun had been up but a few hours and a gentle air rippled the surface of the broad river as its tiny waves danced in the sunlight. The few leaves that lingered in the trees were of the richest hues. The heavy frost which had fallen during the night covered the branches of the trees with silver.

"Look," said Capt. Hunter, calling his lieutenant to his side, "look at that landscape! Did you ever see any thing more beautiful, Wallace? See, far down the valley the bright crimson leaves of the hickory and maple scattered abroad on the bright silver branches. They seem to me, as they move in the breeze, like the wands of a myriad of fairies beckoning us on to their beautiful solitude. Let us on." And the loud tones of a military command rang through the wood as he turned, and they galloped swiftly down the descent.

"I think you told me of some pretty sweet-heart of yours in these wilds," said lieutenant Wallace, as he spurred his steed to the side of Hunter.

"So I did," answered Harry, "Kate Brady is a beautiful girl, Gus, and one that would not be thrown into the shade among the belles of the city. We are not far from her father's house now. Look there the smoke is curling above the trees. Over this little hill and in a moment we will be there."

"And you will see your fair Ladye," returned Wallace.

Onward they ride, over the little hill, across the plain, and they wheel around the corner of the road. How Harry spurred his charger as they neared the road by which stood. How his heart leaped and his pulse throbed as in imagination he already beheld Kate flying to meet him. With a swift leap the steed turned the angle of the wood, and as quickly was he thrown on his haunches by the sudden curb of his rider.

"God of Heaven," exclaimed Hunter, as instead of the cheerful cottage the smoldering ruins met his eye. All grew dark before him and he would have fallen from his horse had not Wallace sprung to his side and supported him. Clapping his hands convulsively over his forehead for a moment, he dashed them from him as if to tear the dreadful sight from his memory. Then striking the spurs into his horse's flank, he rode madly towards the fort. He leapt from the saddle as soon as he entered the gates and wildly sought of the soldiers the fate of the Bradys. The tale was soon told.

"All gone—gone forever," he groaned, as the sad tidings were finished.

"No, Hunter, not all; one remains to avenge their murder," said a solemn voice, and Sam Brady stepping forward took Hunter by the hand.

"Have the Indians been pursued," eagerly demanded Harry.

"We dare not send a detachment of sufficient strength in pursuit, for our garrison is small and none would be left to defend it," answered the officer on duty.—"We traced them as far as the mouth of the creek, and from the mark on the other side, they must have gone down the river."

"Then I'll follow them," said Hunter, and he ordered fresh horses are to be brought from the stables.

In a short time the horses were ready, and Hunter, selecting a dozen men on whose skill and courage he could rely, accompanied by Wallace and Brady. They soon reached the banks of the creek, which was about two miles from the fort, and to their great satisfaction, discovered the trail of the retreating Indians, which was broad and easy to be followed;

for mad with joy at having their old enemy again, they had neglected their usual precaution of concealing their track. As soon as they had crossed the creek, Brady proposed to be the advance guard, for he said there might be some of the "red devils scouting about yet." His request being granted, he went swiftly forward, and was soon lost to sight among the trees. With Brady in advance they had nothing to fear; for he was skilled in the wiles of Indian warfare, and would follow a trail or detect a trick as readily as the most cunning of tribes. The party had followed the trail at a rapid pace for five or six hours, and the sun had already descended midway in the western heavens, when they were suddenly brought to a halt by discovering that Brady's track was no longer visible. After a little search they found he had wheeled his horse abruptly from the trail and taken his course along the river. They had not proceeded far before they found his horse concealed in a thicket of young willows, and soon saw his tall figure on a rock, making gestures to them in a vehement manner to halt. As soon as the party stopped, he sprang from the rock and ran swiftly toward them. "They knew by the joy depicted on his countenance that the objects of the search were found; for his face shone with light, and the fire of his eye was like that of a tiger when its prey is in its power and it has nothing to do but to spring upon it and look upon its writhings in the agonies of death.

"Come on!" he cried, as he approached, "here they are; twenty red hell cats all set on round old Gray and holding a council over him. Squaws, too; a regular camp of 'em. And Kate in the middle, and patting her cheek and playing with her hair just as if she was a pet deer. Hurrah! let's go at it. I feel myself scalping some of them already. Hurrah!" and he brandished his hunting knife and danced on the shore in ecstasy.

"Captain, the man is insane," whispered Wallace, "his affliction has upset his brain. If we don't take care he'll spoil our game."

"Come, Brady, keep cool," said Hunter, "if the Indians hear you, we will not be able to rescue the prisoners. Show us the spot where you saw them."

"Cool, Captain, I'm cool as a rattle snake.—Come on, boys; look to your flints and priming and look how you tramp on rotten sticks. Hark at the devils, they're burning Gray; look at the smoke. Hurrah!" and away flew Brady followed by the rest.

The bank at the place they were, was about five feet high, and covered by small bushes; but further down the river flowed along the base of a mountain whose sides were almost perpendicular, and here and there small trees grew on the scanty soil left by the fissures of the rocks. Along the shores, behind the low bank, the soldiers led by Brady crept silently. At a nook from him they halted and looked in the direction of the Indian camp. There were a few bark wigwams, and in front of them a crowd of Indians of both sexes were gathered around the victim. Two saplings were stripped of their branches, were bent and their tops lashed together so as to form kind of an arch. Suspended in a horizontal position between these, with his face downward, was old Gray; and beneath him a fire of green pine blazed and smoked. At each side stood an Indian, armed with a long pole sharpened at the end; and with these they swung him slowly through the fire, inflicting a fresh wound every time they touched him.—Each time he passed through the fire and smoke he writhed in agony, but not a cry escaped him, and an expression of disappointment was visible on the savage countenances of his torturers as they saw a white man endure their ordeal without a groan. The quick eye of Henry soon detected the form of Kate Brady amid the group. Raven Wing held her half lifeless form as he turned in horror from the sight. But he twined his huge arm around her waist and would not let her leave the crowd, although a lovely Indian maiden on her knees begged to have charge of the fair burden. Scarcely had the beholders recovered from the first shock of horror, when Gray, in attempting to free himself, broke the grape vine which suspended him and fell into the fire below. A wild shout of exultation broke from the savages as they closed around the old man who struggled on the bed of burning pines.

"Now's the time," cried Hunter, "rest your muskets on the bank and take deliberate aim. Ready, Fire!"

Shrill cries of agony, and the wild war whoop rang through the forest, mingled with the roar of musketry, and ere the smoke had cleared away, the loud "charge" sounded, and Hunter rushed forward at the head of his men. There was little use for the bayonet; for fourteen of the Indians lay dead upon the ground, and the rest were flying through the woods.—Brady, leaping upon the body of a fallen savage, tore the screeching scalp from his head, and cupping his hands in blood and lifting them towards Heaven, roared eternal vengeance on the red man's face. Well did he keep his vow; for never afterwards did he see an Indian meet with out feeling his vengeance. Kate was gone and no vestige of her was visible. At length Wallace discovered a piece of her dress hanging on a bush, and a few hundred yards in advance the gigantic Raven Wing, flying with Kate thrown over his shoulder to shield him from the bullets. Instant pursuit was given, yet the Indian, bordered as he was, gained rapidly on the pursuers. Suddenly he staggered and fell, and Kate Brady disengaging herself from his grasp, stood up. She had taken his knife from his belt and stabbed him to his heart. As Raven Wing struggled with death, Kate stood gazing upon the fearful working of his face as though his eyes which started from their sockets, had the power of fascination. Hunter gently tore her from the scene and pressed her to his bosom. Gray had been dragged from his fire a mangled, half burned corpse and was buried under the place which had been the scene of his last suffering.

Many years have passed since the massacre of the Brady family. A beautiful town surrounds the spot where their rude cabin stood. Before it extends the Susquehanna, on whose broad placid bosom the adjacent country is reflected like the white surface seems one grand Panorama. It matters not which way the eye is turned, a scene of beauty and magnificence presents itself. Walk through the wide streets of the town; see its shady bowers, walks on whose grassy carpet the rain drops sparkle in the moonlight. Ascend Mount Pleasant's lofty top and view the landscape that it stretched out for miles in every direction, so beautiful, so grand, so lovely and magnificent that volumes could scarcely do it justice. Near the town stands a large and handsome house, almost hidden by lofty Elm and Linden trees. Around it are broad rich fields on which the golden grain and corn smile, in profusion. On the lawn you may sometimes see a party of young persons dancing in the mellow sunset, or beneath the silver moon, while an old man whose long snowy hair floats on the wind draws from the violin its sweetest notes. A smile of calm delight illumines his face as he gazes on the group before him; and occasionally a tear glistens in his eye when the recollections of his early life pass through his mind, but it dies away like a dew drop on the violet, as he sees before him the images of his early friends.—You might recognize in him the firm and true friend of Harry Hunter—Wallace. Here live the descendants of Harry and Kate. A chaste marble shaft, half hidden among a grove of arbutus, points out the spot where they repose in the same grave. They lived in happiness and wealth, and went down to their graves calmly, and without a tear. There were tears for their death when their spirits were with God."

HABIT.—We will acknowledge the strength of habit. Its power increases with time. In youth, it may seem to us like the filmy line of the spider; in age, like the fly caught in its folds, we struggle in vain. "Habit, if not resisted," says St. Augustine, "becomes necessity."

The physical force of habit is thus clearly illustrated by Dr. Combe: "A tendency to resume the same mode of action at stated times, is peculiarly the characteristic of the nervous system; and on this account regularity is of great consequence in exercising the moral and intellectual power. All nervous diseases have a marked tendency to observe regular periods, and the natural inclination to sleep at the approach of night, is another instance of the same fact. It is this principle of our nature which promotes the formation of what are called habits. If we repeat any kind of mental effort every day at the same hour, we at last find ourselves entering upon it, without premeditation, when the time approaches."

AN EXTENSIVE AFFRAY.—At a ball in Frankfort, Ky., a young gentleman, says the Louisville Journal, took an undue liberty with a lady's ringlet. The lady made her complaint to the gentleman with whom she was dancing.—Thereupon the last named gentleman knocked the first named gentleman down in the ball room. The fight extended until fifteen or twenty persons were engaged in it. Fists, pistols, and knives of all sorts were flourished, and some blood was spilt, though nobody was killed.—An English traveler, who was anxious to see a "Kentucky row," and went to the ball on purpose, was deprived of that pleasure by having both his eyes closed with a Kentuckian's fist.

RESCUED FROM THE GRAVE.—The Newburyport Advertiser says that a Mr. Stout lately slipped from a wagon, and it was supposed died soon afterwards; but while preparations were making for his interment and the corpse placed in the coffin, the doctor discovering that the glass in the coffin lid was somewhat covered with vapour took his handkerchief for the purpose of removing it; but finding that it proceeded from the inside of the glass, he at once pronounced the man alive, and he was taken from his "narrow house," and is now as well as ever he was in his life!

NEGLECT OF VACCINATION.—The Boston Medical Journal ascribes the recent occurrence of small-pox in many of our cities and inland towns to the fact that vaccination has been neglected by the people. If this be so, the matter should be attended to at once. Inoculation for the cow-pox is undoubtedly an almost certain preventive of the small-pox, or at least of a fatal termination of it; and people should not forget that it is necessary to apply it to themselves and their children, and that the vaccination of their parents will not shield them from the virus of the deadly distemper.

A SWINDLER HAS BEEN UNRAVING PARTS OF BUCKLE and Mont omy county, loaded with counterfeit coin! "bank notes.—He is said to be short, stout in person, about five feet eight inches in height, and dark complexion. In addition, the Doylestown Democrat says, he has a few knickknacks, with which he gains admission to bourgeois families and familiarizes himself, as an introduction to commence his deceptive business.

WHO SHALL BOW FIRST?—In England, the fashionable world, it is believed, are governed by the following maxims:

"It is a mark of high breeding not to speak to a lady in the street, until you perceive she has noticed you by an inclination of the head."

"If you meet a lady in the street, it is her part to notice you first, unless intimate. The reason is, if you bow to acknowledge you, and there is no remedy; but if she bow to you, you, as a gentleman, cannot cut her."

CHEAP ORNAMENTS.—When Dr. Franklin was in Paris, his daughter, Mrs. Barbe, wrote to him for a supply of feathers and thread lace. The Doctor declined it in the following characteristic note:—"If you wear your emerald feathers as I do and take care not to mend the holes, they will come in time to be lace; and feathers, my dear girl, may be had in America from every cock's tail."

UMBRELLAS.—Umbrellas are like the fleeting hours of youth—when gone they never come back—like the dew on the mountain—the summer-dried river—the spray of the fountain—they are gone, and forever.